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THE CARMEL CYMBAL

DEC. 1st
1926

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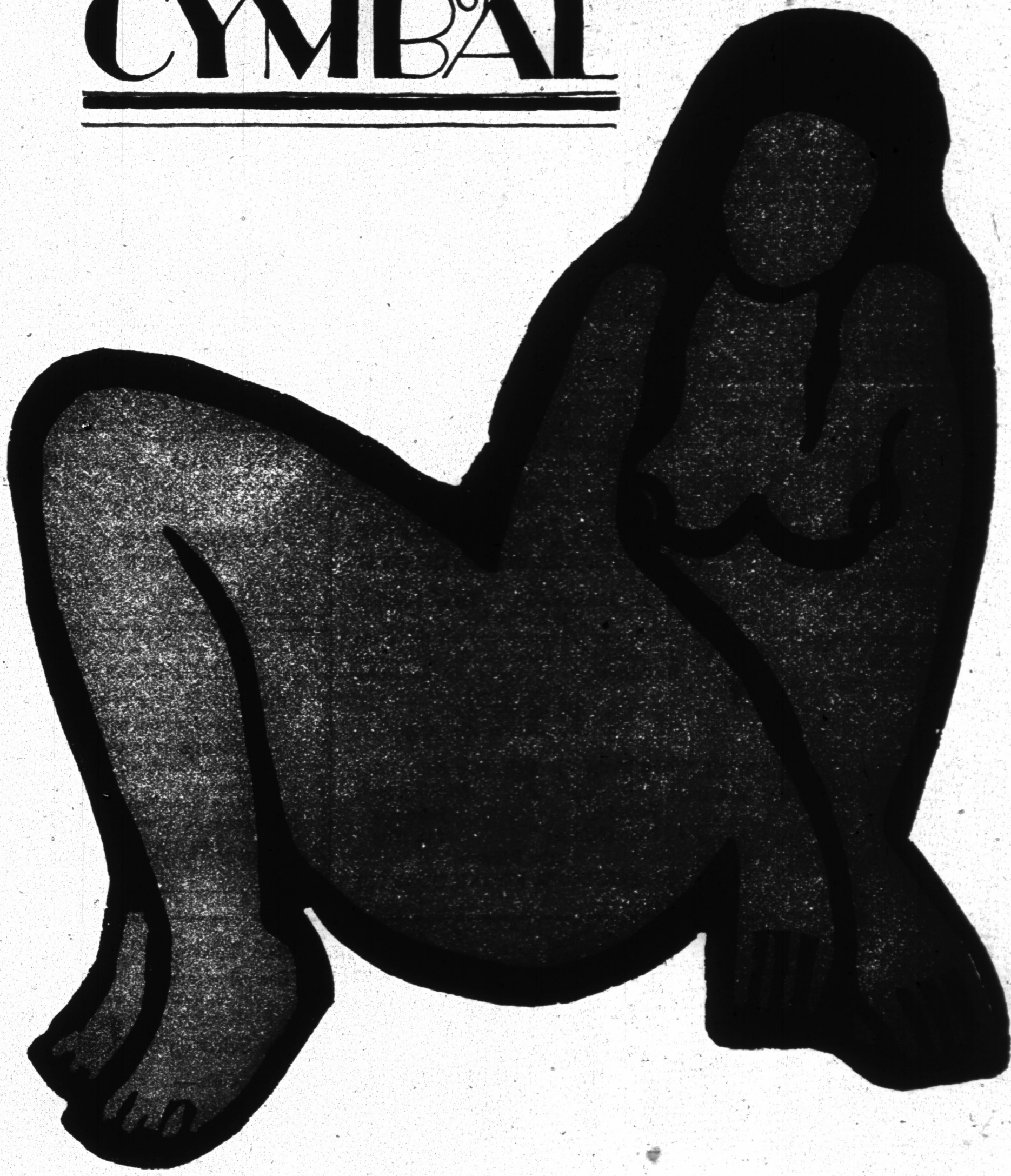

NEW MUSIC CONCERT IS GREAT SUCCESS

DENE DENNY has returned from Los Angeles where she played Schoenberg's Op. 23 in the New Music Concert given at the Hotel Biltmore Saturday evening November 20. This was the first performance in America of this extraordinarily difficult work. Reports of the concert from the Los Angeles tell us that Miss Denny played the five numbers of the intricate score with a musicianship and a finished artistry that brought a storm of applause with much subsequent appreciative comment.

A large and intelligent audience attended the concert, showing the response of the public to the contemporary activity in branch of the International Composers' Guild at New York, itself affiliated with similar organizations in Italy and central Europe. On its non-resident advisory board are such as Bela Bartok, Alfredo Casella, Goosens, Malipiero, Ornstein, Carl Ruggles, Alois Haba, and many others.

The program follows:

First String Quartet (1912)
Darius Milhaud
Rythmique
Intime, contenu
Grave, contenu
Vif, tres rythme
The PERSINGER STRING QUARTET
Louis Persinger — Louis Ford
Nathan Firestone — Walter Ferner

Five Pieces for the Piano (Op. 23)
Arnold Schoenberg
DENE DENNY
(First performance in America)

"The Snows of Fuji-Yama"
"The Sleep Music of the Dagna"
"The Trumpet of Angus Og"
(String Piano and Piano)
HENRY COWELL
The Composer at the piano

String Quartet (1915) Henry Cowell
Andante Allegro-Andante
"Lilacs" Carl Ruggles
Andante from "Men and Mountains"
Two Violins, Two Violas, Two Cellos and Contra Bass.
The PERSINGER STRING QUARTET
G. R. Menhennick — Frans Lusschen
Ernest Huber

"Moments" 22 tone-poems for the Piano
1. Bells 2. Surgings 3. Exultation
6. Tenderness 11. Gates 19. Sun Birth
(First Time)
D. RUDHYAR
The Composer at the piano

Five Pieces for String Quartet (1920)
Alfredo Casella
Preludio — Notturno
Ninna-Nanna — Fox Trot
Valse Ridicule
The PERSINGER STRING QUARTET

TO LACASTA ON DROPPING HER FLAT

(With apologies to Col. Lovelace)

TELL me not, Swee , I am unkind
If from the nun ery
Of your cold grasp and loveless mind
To other arms I flee.

An easier favorite now I chase,
That ill compares with you;
And with more happiness embrace
Than we two used to do.

Why my inconstancy is such
It's easy to confess—
I could have loved you twice as much
Had you loved honor less.
—Jose Schorr in The New Yorker.

PERRY NEWBERRY NOW EDITOR OF THE CARMEL PINE CONE

Commencing with the issue this week, Perry Newberry becomes editor of the Carmel Pine Cone, according to an announcement made in the Peninsula Herald last week. It was also explained to the public that J. A. Easton, who purchased the Pine Cone from W. L. Overstreet last June and exchanged half interest in it with Allen Griffin for a fifty per cent interest in the Herald, is no more in these parts as a newspaper owner. Griffin has repurchased the half of the Herald and bought from Easton the whole of the Pine Cone. That's that.

Mrs. Dorothy Wilkinson entertained at a Thanksgiving dinner party, among the guests being Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson and Mr. Ferdinand Burgdorff.

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PERSONAL MENTION

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS of the Arts and Crafts Theater gave a dinner for the cast of "One of the Family" Saturday night. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. John Jordan, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Watson, Mr. and Mrs. William Vander Roest, Mrs. Lillian Purdy, Mrs. J. G. Ball, Mrs. George M. Ball, Rhoda Johnson, Richard Johnson, George Ball, Sallie Maxwell, Frank Murphy, Marian Todd, Constance Cole, Louise Walcott, Anne Walcott, Barry Parker, Charles Purdy, Harry Allen, Paul Hensel.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Tad Stinson entertained at dinner. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Ted Yerxa, Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Morris. The party attended the production of "One of the Family" later in the evening.

* * *

Mrs. Pearl Byrnes and Mrs. Rose Bareda, who have been in the Palmer cottage for several months, have gone to San Francisco where they will remain for the winter.

* * *

Mrs. Eric Wilkinson motored to Palo Alto and back this week.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Leland of San Jose spent the week-end in their new cottage on the Point. Mr. Leland is the principal of the San Jose High School.

* * *

Mr. Laurence Dorsey was the guest of Mr. Billy Hudson over the week-end.

* * *

Mr. Eric Pedley, famous polo player, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hunt of Pebble Beach.

* * *

Mr. and Duncan McDuffie and Miss Edna McDuffie were in Carmel for the Thanksgiving week-end.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Terman who spent Thanksgiving day in Palo Alto have returned to Carmel.

* * *

Miss Henrietta Farley, who is attending Miss Harker's School in Palo Alto, spent Thanksgiving week-end with her parents in Carmel.

* * *

Lawton Thomas has returned to Fresno after spending Thanksgiving in Carmel.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Lucius Norris and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Yerxa of Piedmont were in the Brown cottage on North Carmelo over the Thanksgiving holiday.

* * *

The board of directors of the Arts and Crafts held a meeting last Wednesday afternoon at which Mrs. Herbert Heron tendered her resignation on account of ill health. John B. Jordan has been elected in her place. Cornelius Botke has been appointed to head the Arts and Crafts Summer School next season.

* * *

Thanksgiving week-end house guests at the Carmel home of Mr. and Mrs. Delmer Call on Scenic Drive included Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Lawrence and daughters, Dorothy and Roberta, of San Jose, and Maria deGloria Charlton of San Francisco.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Denny and Mr. and Mrs. Melville Brown entertained at a dinner and bridge at the Hotel Del Monte. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Eric Wilkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dormody, Mrs. William Argo, Mr. Boyce Sombe.

* * *

Miss Olga Lish of Newton Centre, Mass., and Miss Alice Reynolds of Newton Highlands, Mass. have taken a cottage in Carmel for the winter.

* * *

Anticipating an early spring and big summer season in Carmel next year Mrs. Mabel Sampson is planning new and attractive features for the Blue Bird Tea Room. She is also making improvements and extensions in her kitchen.

* * *

The guests this week at Highlands Inn were Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bullock, Mr and Mrs. S. B. Caunser, Mr. and Mrs. W. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Wayne Loel, of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Harper, Miss Lucia Sherman, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Christensen, Mr. and Mrs. H. H.Fuller, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Gray and son, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Frost, Mr. Norman F. Frost, Mr. and Mrs. French, the Misses Marjorie and Muriel French, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Bazith of San Francisco,Mr. andMrs. E. Williams of Pasadena, Mr. and Mrs. William Porteon of Fresno, Mrs. R. A. Wentworth, Miss Manaune Wentworth, Mr. John Wentworth of New Rochelle New York, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Suffern Jr., Decatur,Ill., Miss Conger of New York, Miss Hay of Philadelphia, Mrs. M. W. George of the Highlands, Miss Lucile Templeton of Palo Alto, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Kelly of Pacific Grove, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Kennedy of Oakland, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Ambler, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Burden ofMill Valley, Mrs. L. D. Pierson, Mr. Dyer B. Pierson of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. Harold E. Burket of Long Beach.

* * *

The guests at the La Playa Hotel were Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Price Jr., Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Haley, Mrs. R. C. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. Charles T. Sulliva, S. O. Hoffman, Frank L. Wood, Miss Mitcheler, Mrs. H. H. Walker, Mrs. Sally Reed, Miss Vivian Gorman, Mr. and Mrs. W. Jorgenerl, Miss T. Evans, J. Ermerirs of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. William Curtis of Los Angeles, Mr. and Mrs. Perry Tompkins, Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Leavens, Miss Eleanor Leavens, Miss Margaret WehrWorth, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Clarke, Francis M. Bacon, Mrs. R. C. Graves, Miss Ethel Graves, Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Castigan of Berkeley, Adel Watson of New York City, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Garver of San Jose.

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"SPARE TIME" TO BE SUBJECT OF PARENT-TEACHER MEETING

THE Use of Leisure Time" is the subject for discussion at the meeting of the Carmel Parent-Teacher Association which will be held next Wednesday afternoon, December 8, at the Sunst School. Miss Roberta Wasson, Carmel librarian, will talk on "Reading"; Charles Van Riper on "Athletics"; George L. Wood on "What the City is in a Position to do". Other speakers will also be provided.

BILLY ARGO WINS HONORS IN MAGAZINE STORY CONTEST

Billy Argo of Carmel received honorable mention in th American Boy boys' story contest.

The American Boy is the best known of the national boys' magazines. This honor to a local Carmel boy is announced in the December issue of the American Boy just published.

In April of this year Billy received first prize in an American Boy story contest, and the field was open to boys up to 21 years. Billy is twelve.

COMMUNITY EXCHANGE PLANS ALL DAY RUMMAGE SALE

The Community Exchange, "alias Progressive Rummage Sale", is to have an all-day sale, Thursday, December 9, at Mother White's, Ninth avenue, between Camino Real and Casanova street, for the benefit of the Rest Cottage for Christian Workers which is to be erected in Carmel next year. Articles are needed for the sale and friends are urged to contribute.

REVEREND TERWILLIGER TO PREACH ON "THE BIBLE"

Rev. I. M. Terwilliger will speak at the Carmel Community Church Sunday morning on "The Bible"; and will exhibit the smallest New Testament ever printed.

Young People's League at 7 p. m. conducted by Mrs. J. Johnson, vice president. High School and business young people are invited to the party, Wednesday December 8.

The guests at the Pine Inn this week were Mrs. A. H. Shipley, Mr. and Mrs. Paul F. Bovard, Richard and Robert Bovard, Mr. and Mrs. Gillingham, Miss Gloria Gillingham, Mr. John Gillingham, Mrs. K. Harris, Mrs. J. A. H. Shipley of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bayliss, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Hersey of Santa Barbara, Mary P. Smith of San Francisco, Mrs. Geoffry G. Ross of Cleveland, Barbara Smith of Newburyport Mass., Cerys Hodgkins of Stockton, O. J. M. Mullins of San Francisco, Mr. and Mrs. Gail H. Bruck of Altadena, Maurice Horn of South Dakota, Stella A. Weary of Sawtelle, Mrs. Clara Smolock of Santa Monica, M. S. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Jackson, Mrs. S. Steen, Miss Hazel Steen of Oakland.

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A PLEASING SOUVENIR FULL OF INFORMATION

THE CARMEL CYMBAL

A weekly newspaper, founded May 11, 1926 at Carmel, California.

Published by The Cymbal Press on Wednesday of each week in the Seven Arts Building, Carmel.

Edited by W. K. Bassett. Dorothea Castelhun, associate editor.

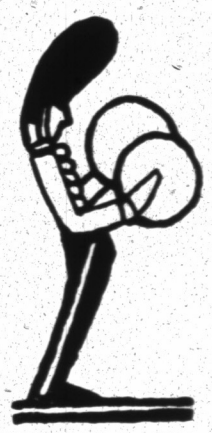
Selling for ten cents a copy, four dollars a year by mail, two and one-quarter dollars for six months, one and one-quarter dollars for three months.

Advertising rates obtainable on application.

The telephone number is Carmel 13.

Entered as second-class matter May 11, 1926, at the post office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

VOLUME II NUMBER 22
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1926



Notes and Comment

THERE seems to be nothing for us to get het up about this week, what with the only recent disturbance in our midst being that perpetrated by Providence which brooks no comment, or is so indifferent to it that there is no fun in pouring phials of wrath upon its imperturbable being. Queen Marie has gone home—to a greater tragedy, we fear, than was her trip across the American continent—William Randolph Hearst is satisfactorily settling Mexico, the Woman's Club has announced its ultimate prosperity, Edward Kuster and the management of the Manzanita theater have come to an agreement to the effect that there are no more motion picture fans in Carmel, Frank Sheridan has gone without sleep for forty-eight hours, Maine sends a Republican back to the United States Senate, assuring that party a safe majority of one in the upper house, the orders for Christmas printing of The Cymbal Press kind are swamping us, the scraper has started back out on the streets, the grass is showing on the Carmel Valley hills, Paul Denny is drinking less coffee, but still managing to make us pay for it, etcetera ad infinitum, and there is nothing, except the last named, to make us cry out from our wilderness. All we can hope for is that somebody will slip up during the coming week and furnish us with some excuse to complain. Life in Carmel in November-December is too sweet and too dull to furnish food for argument.

* * *

EXCEPT, and we should not have neglected it until this point in the column, we have a new editor in our midst with which, or whom, we are to contend for a period indefinite. It is no cause for complaint, but rather for congratulations to the Pine Cone and Carmel. We wish Mr. Newberry the best of success, but, more than that, we wish him happiness in his new work.

* * *

WE found this on our desk yesterday:

Please write an ad for a home for a brown dog—very fond of children. Has a wonderful disposition and is a good watch dog He wishes a good home in time for Christmas as he does not wish to spend Christmas in an institution, and he does not want to be an expense to the Humane Society any longer. He can be seen any time at the Carmel Boarding Kennels, Alta and Junipero streets, Carmel Woods.

Charge to Humane Society, Ralph Skene.

There won't be any charge, Mr. Skene. We might at least do our trifle toward the home finding proposition.

* * *

UNDER the column headed "Twenty-Five Years Ago" in the San Francisco Chronicle of last Monday we found the following couple of paragraphs:

Robert Welles Ritchie, '02, won the first prize of $25 offered by the University of California in a literary contest. His story, which was titled "M. Le Capitaine," was a tale of the Latin quarter of San Francisco.

Ritchie's name has long appeared frequently in the fiction magazines. He lives at Carmel.

* * *

EVER and anon we get a letter that by reason of the identity of the writer and the manner of the writing pleases us so much that we obey the impulse to pass it along to you.

Here is one from one of the editors of the New Republic:

I have been interested and amused by the account of the realtors' visit to the "Aimee McPherson cottage" described in The Cymbal for Oct. 20. It occurs to me you may like to see some remarks about the lady in a recent issue of the New Republic, and I am sending you a copy under separate cover.

The Cymbal seems a thoroughly good job. I should appreciate receiving a copy now and then when it has something of general interest. I also wish I had known of its existence a little sooner. I was in Carmel in June (not, I may perhaps add, in company with any veiled lady) and should have welcomed the chance to find out something about California weekly journalism in 1926.

Sincerely,
(Signed) Bruce Bliven

* * *

THE covers on The Cymbal for the past two months have attracted considerable attention, both here and afar. We have received compliments on

(Turn to Page Fifteen)

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Too Much Eats N'everything Says Dr. Beverley Clarke

DR. BEVERLY L. CLARKE spent Thanksgiving in Carmel, motoring here from Palo Alto where he is doing chemical research work at Stanford University. We happened to be talking one evening about the evils of over eating on such festive occasions as Thanksgiving and the conversation turned to a discussion of the disappearing vestiges of organs formerly necessary to the human being but now made superfluous by changed modes of living. After considering the appendix the argument moved up to the hair and this is the meat of the doctor's conversation:

"Like the appendix the human hair is but a relic of the hardier and somewhat less refined days of the race. A moment's thought will convince any one that the value of the hair as a protective structure is nil. This is immediately emphasized by considering the amazing number of men who still maintain a state of flourishing mental activity despite the lack of natural covering of the cranium. Man must face the homely fact that the only reason our hair is not cut off like our appendix and our tonsils is found in the inherent vanity of the race. Man has been taught to believe that a fine coat of pleasing colored hair lends something to the beauty of the individual. It is safe to assume that if the League of Nations or some other world authority should decree international baldness, in another generation the presence of hair on the head would be considered as unbecoming as a mole on the chin. The purpose of hair on the body was primarily a protective one. Primitive man, as we all know, wore no clothes, and Nature provided thick coats of hair over the whole body and as the styles changed and man thought to improve on Nature by enveloping himself to somewhat fluctuating extents with coverings of his own handiwork Nature saw herself beaten and began the slow evolutionary process of removing the superfluous hairy coat. At the present time, the task is about finished and man, dismayed at what he has done, resorts to feverish measures to preserve and beautify the little patch he has left on top of his head."

"How do you account for the different shades of hair from blonde to brunette?" I asked.

"I cannot account for that. All that I can account for is the behavior of man in preferring one shade to another shade, but even that is sometimes confusing."

"One never sees a woman's ears any more. Have they still retained them or are they merely hiding them?"

The doctor lit a Camel. He thought a moment, then answered:

"The external portion of the ear is another useless relic of the remote past. Contrary to belief this small trumpet-like structure on the side of the head is perfectly useless when it comes to collecting and focussing the sound waves that come to the ear. It would take a considerably larger apparatus to be useful in this regard. Originally that was their purpose, and the ears on a man were the size of those we see on a mule and were capable of movement from side to side to catch sounds coming from different directions. A remnant of this is seen in the ability

"A fine coat of pleasing colored hair lends something to the beauty of an individual."

of some people to wiggle their ears. In most of us the muscles that were used in the old days for wiggling the ears for a purpose are now mere useless vestiges serving the sole end of confusing the minds of Freshmen students of anatomy. But in some cases the muscles are stronger and a slight voluntary movement is possible. The ears have changed in this way because now it is not necessary to have ears sensible to such small and obscure sounds as it was in our cave dwelling ancestors who made their livelihood by dealing much more directly with the force of nature than we have today. Indeed, it is certain that if the ear of a person today should suddenly be changed so that it had the sensitivity of that of the Cave Man, he would shortly have nervous prostration, so great would be the din and the clamor of the myriads of hitherto inaudible sounds that would beat upon his ear."

"I hear, doctor," said I, "that man is being born now with only four toes. Is that right? What do you think of that?"

The doctor's answer was simple and unscientific. "It makes me sick," said he.

HE-PANTIES

IT'S Saturday night and I'm full of wrath
Go heat the water and I'll take a bath
See that there's soap and a brush and a towel
And if you don't hurry I'll set up a howl.
I feel so dirty
It's Saturday night
I want to jump into a tub
Far away I have been
For a week, it's a sin
And a reason that I'll have to scrub.

It's Saturday night and it's been a whole week
Since I've had a chance to polish my beak
So hurry up, wifey, and fill up that tub
It'll take me an hour to scrape and to scrub
Saturday night
Saturday night
I'm soiled and my temper is brewing
I'm black and I'm yellow
So please help a poor fellow
And get me a bottle of bluing.

It's Saturday night as I've told you before
And I feel like knocking you flat on the floor
Go make the bed and hang out clean clothes
Right after my bath I am going to doze.
Saturday night
Saturday night
I'll tell you how I am feeling
I'm longing to splash
In the tub and be rash
By throwing it all on the ceiling.

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VALOR

BY ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

THE MEETING HOUSE at Saddlersville stood on a little rise beyond the canal where it skirted the town: a gaunt, narrow chested, severe building whose bell had a scolding note. What with the squat belfry lifting like a querulous forelock, the two narrow front windows for eyes and the double doors opening inward on Sundays and Wednesday nights to make a mouth, the facade of that meeting house at Saddlersville made for my boyish imagination a face—a dour and vengeful face.

Though of course I knew better, I used to make-believe that on dark nights when none was near that face could stretch itself out for hidden teeth to gnaw on the hitching racks not many yards away. The horses didn't gnaw those racks; the Face did it because it just had to gnaw something.

You'll see why a boy of twelve was so certain of this craving on the part of the Saddlersville meeting house.

When Great-uncle John Halleck gave up his ship in the tea fleet and brought Great-aunt Phronie to live on the little farm he'd bought just beyond the outskirts of this up-State New York village, they had me to live with them because I was an orphan. A poor-relation which, surely, must be the most forlorn of the orphan breed. That squat and tight little stone house with its old-fashioned garden; that big red barn smelling of hay and harness; the sheep, old Henry in his pasture and Spot to tree squirrels in the woodlot: Oh, this was heaven for a city boy!

And as I look back from this far perspective of years, I am sure that for Uncle John it was the heaven every old master of craft dreams of possessing. Green pastures—peace of woodlands—snug house not to be rocked by storms—Aye, a quarter decker's heaven. Peace for little Aunt Phronie after all those years of watching from a window on Brooklyn's Columbia Heights a Blackball pennant go streaming down-bay, heart whispering that it would—it must come streaming back some day.

I gave these twain the affection and adoration of a starved pup. Who couldn't love that big bluff Uucle John with his booming voice, his big red face with the twin tufts of whisker under each ear—he called them his "fore skys'ls"—and those twinkly blue eyes; such vitality of honesty and straight thinking in the man. And like in her swift timidities which seemed little Aunt Phronie, sweetly gentle, bird-to be encouraged only that Uncle John could laugh them away with his stormy guffaws.

I have the feeling now as I look back that the Saddlersville meeting house meant to Uncle John. Perhaps it was just his a great deal more to Aunt Phronie than way of never taking anything very seriously; but my recollection prompts that several times after we had attended Sunday service Uncle John, driving old Henry, would make some joke beyond the comprehension of a twelve-year-old but somehow bearing upon what the preacher had said. He'd make that joke in his stormily laughing way and Aunt Phronie would say, very shocked, "John, how dare you say such things?" or, "God's lightning surely will smite you, John, for questioning His word!"

An episode set in train the series of circumstances which led me to construe the meeting house face as a savage one—a wood-gnawing one.

One day when Uncle John was away in the village I found an opened book on the table in what he called his "growlery", which was a snug little library where he kept his ships models, his fascinating instruments and his charts. The book was filled with the most enthralling cuts of great apes, skeletons of men and beasts, grinning simian heads. For the frontispiece was the picture of a bearded gentleman with his signature beneath it: Charles Robert Darwin.

Aunt Phronie caught me engrossed and flew at me as if I had been playing with a snake.

"John Henry!" —**Bam!** went down the cover of the fascinating book— "Don't ever let me catch you again looking at that book!"

"But"—defensively—"Uncle John must look at it."

"Your Uncle John is a grown man and —maybe—he knows what is best for him. When you get his age—"

I never saw the Darwin book again.

Not very long after that another episode. Uncle John came home from the post office one day with a package of books which had come through the mail. The wrappings were torn so that the titles were revealed.

He was furiously angry. I heard him say that Deacon Stendall—he was the postmaster of Saddlersville—was "a dam'd old pry-cat."

A few nights later all the meeting house deacons and the preacher called at our house. They were very grave when Uncle John ushered them into the growlery and shut the door. I was in the living room studying my lessons when that door shut upon the visitors. Aunt Phronie did a strange thing. She took down the great Bible from the marble-top table and spread it on her lap. Then she beckoned to me to kneel down beside her flowing skirts.

"We must seek God's help to save your Uncle John's soul," she whispered; and she began reading very fast from the Psalms of David: those passages which cry for the protection of Jehovah's arm.

Angry voices came from the growlery. Aunt Phronie read faster and faster. She trembled. Tears dropped beneath the steel rims of her specs.

We heard the visitors stamp down the hall and the front door slam. Uncle John came in, very red faced.

"Hypocrites and bigots!" he thundered.

Following Wednesday night we three went to the meeting house, which struck me as odd; for twice Sundays was our ordinary custom of attendance. All Saddlersville was there to turn in the pews and watch Uncle John—Aunt Phronie on his arm—tap his heavy rosewood cane down the aisle to our pew. Everybody was solemn as at a funeral. I craned my neck to see where the dead person might be laid.

There was a long prayer by the preacher invoking divine guidance in what must be done that night. Then Deacon Stendall, the postmaster who had pried into the titles of the books Uncle John got in the mail, got up and read something from a paper. All the other deacons sitting on the platform nodded gravely when he had finished.

"Brother Halleck, have you anything to say to theses charges?"

Uncle John started to get to his feet, his little blue eyes sparking fire. I saw one of Aunt Phronie's hands—a tiny litttle hand in a black mitt——dart out to touch his arm. Uncle John paused, then,

(Turn to Page Fourteen)

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SARA TEASDALE; POET IN HER OWN RIGHT

"DARK of the Moon" is a new volume of lyrics by Sara Teasdals. It contains nothing new or startling perhaps, but a calm clear beauty runs through these pages . . . . a quality which we have learned to associate permanently with this poet.

Sara Teasdale's poetry is deeply emotional, without being obviously passionate. Once the slow subtle fire of her spirit is felt, it will always be found to glow richly through her work, and lines which to the casual reader may seem commonplace, become warm and personal. One learns to love her quiet beautiful understanding of life and nature. There is no straining for effects—no exotic wording, no obscurity; just familiar words and phrases, following richly and with an almost incredible simplicity. "Late October" is such a poem.

"Listen, the damp leaves on the walks
are blowing
With a ghost of sound;
Is it fog or is it rain dripping
From the low trees to the ground?
If I had gone before, I could have remembered
Lilics and green afternoons of May;
I chose to wait, I chose to hear from
autumn
Whatever she has to say."

All the poems are short—containing sometimes a single thought or mood—but there is always something which stays with the reader—a warmth or a longing or a sadness or whatever she has felt when she wrote them. Her emotion flows purely through her work—because of her restraint or because of her lack of effort.

"Careless forever, beautiful proud sea,
You laugh in happy thunder all alone,
You fold upon yourself, you dance your
dance
Impartially on drift-weed, sand or stone.

You make us believe that we can outlive
death,
You make us for an instant, for your
sake,
Burn, like stretched silver of a wave,
Not breaking, but about to break."

And then again she sometimes does not seem to be saying anything much, but a loveliness creeps through her words like music—and one realises that she is indeed a poet in her own right.

"She who could bind you
Could bind fire to a wall:
She who could hold you
Could hold a waterfall:
She who could keep you
Could keep the wind from blowing
On a warm spring night
With a low moon glowing."

—DORA C. HAGEMEYER

PRODUCTION FINE; PLAY NOT SO DARNED GOOD

A DRAMATIC situation in "One of the Family" at the Arts and Crafts theater last week compels me to say that the evening provided me with one of the most pleasant experiences I have had in rather a long service at theater attendance from force of duty.

Knowing Charles as I do, and liking him, perhaps more for his fascinating egotism than despite it, I walked with a certain trepidation into that theater last Friday night. I consider Purdy a young man of genius, and as self-centered as is requisite in a person of genius, and I was not lax in my admiration of him when I felt considerable apprehension about his handling the part of Henry Adams in "One of the Family".

He forced me to quiet my fears in the first act somewhat, and in the second he completely allayed my apprehension. But suddenly there arrived a situation which called for more than Purdy had had an opportunity to show and I slipped down in my seat ready to hear the audience laugh at the wrong time. There is no tragedy greater than that and it looked for all the world as though my friend would have to face it and suffer it.

He had well, admirably, acted out his part in the farce, but here came a time for something serious; something deeper dramatically. The woman he loved tapped him on the shoulder and softly, but determinedly, announced her decision of leaving him—was, in fact, already on the way out. And, to make matters worse, the playwright had put into Purdy's mouth the hackneyed words, "Darling, you're not going to leave me?"

Purdy said them—and the laugh didn't come. He put it over. It was an intense situation and he handled it remarkably well. Just how much the perfect support of Yodee Remsen contributed to his success I don't know, and probably he doesn't, but it is sufficient to say, even though it required five paragraphs for me to say it, that Charles Purdy proved the wisdom of George Ball in selecting him for the lead in "One of the Family".

And the balance of the cast was well selected. The playwright didn't do much with an awfully old theme, but some of his lines are good, and they were handled nicely and effectively by the players.

The fascinating personality of Yodee Remsen reached out over the footlights, as it reaches out on Ocean avenue; Louise Walcott did the best thing she has yet done in Carmel, I think, and that is a terribly big compliment to her; Sallie Maxwell, in the incongruous role of the flapper in a Bostonian circle, was delightful; Constance Cole was excellent as the ingenue at the Pandora's box; Marian Todd gave a fine example of her rare ability as a character actress; Kissam Johnson was deliciously overbearing and in fine character as the twenty-year servant; Kenneth Lyman could not have been better cast as the staid masculine member of the family; Barry Parker was a good villain and Harry Allen, as the suspender manufacturer whose forefathers came over in the steerage—a fact of which he was proud—was perfect in his role.

"One of the Family" merely adds more lustre to the Ball-Johnson shield. W. K. B.

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ROBERT HESTWOOD, ARTIST

ROBERT HESTWOOD, internationally famous as a teacher of art and who has made his home in Carmel this last year, is exhibiting for the first time in this village a few pastel sketches from his Mexican Sketch Book at Kays Sandwich Shop.

Market scenes, jug venders, beggars and many other subjects so typical of Mexico City and the surrounding hamlets are portrayed with such spontaneity and brilliant conception that the tragic spirit of the people in the Land of Manana leaves a vivid impression and the after images of these pastels linger long after one leaves the exhibit.

"Sketching was done under difficulty," said Mr. Hestwood, "especially in the market places. A few days before I arrived there a painter died from typhus from a germ which he undoubtedly contracted in the Merced Market. I was warned several days after I had been sketching there that I had better be vaccinated. I heeded the warning and the vaccination 'took'. This delayed my work for several days but after that I ventured into the foulest places in the city where other artists never dreamed of entering. It was in such places as these that the spirit of the peon is revealed in its rawest state. An artist was a totally unfamiliar spectacle in these districts and immense crowds gathered around to see what was going on. In one case this mass of people obstructed the traffic for two blocks. Finally a gendarme came up and tapped me on the shoulder. I didn't understand exactly what he said but I picked up my easel and walked."

"Did you do any other work while in Mexico?" I asked.

"Yes," said Mr. Hestwood, "I worked in all mediums. There was some painting I did in a certain cafe which saved me form starvation. I went down with very little money and when it ran out I thought of the idea of painting the walls of a cafe and in return for the decorations I was to have my meals. I put the proposition up to the bartender and he said he didn't know what I meant by murals but to go ahead and paint the walls. I did and it proved to be the most notorious underworld dive in Mexico. A hangout for fugitives from justice, bull fighters, prize fighters, opera singers and crooks of all description. Later I learned that the bartender was at one time King of the famous Barbary Coast. I had some exciting experiences there watching shooting duels, gun fights and murders. I witnessed such debauchery that I had never dreamed of. But it all made up an experience which I would never have missed for the world. Several weeks later I received a commission to paint two immense murals fifteen by forty-five feet for the Palacio de Hierrro, the palace of iron, a magnificent new French department store. The most amusing thing about this was that when I completed the paintings, they paid me in half peso pieces and it took three of us to lug the money home, each of us carrying two sacks full."

"What do you think of the art of the Aztecs?" I asked.

"I made a study of the Aztec art before going down and I studied it more minutely after my arrival. It was my curiosity about Aztec art that took me there originally. I think that it is superior to the art of the Egyptians although it is not so well advertised."

One can see plainly the reason for the true spirit of the Mexican so sincerely delivered in Mr. Hestwood's sketches—it is because he lived among these people, mingling with them in all of the stark and almost forbidden districts of that city which is so full of variety of line and color. The thing that makes these sketches so distinctive is that he solved all problems in terms of pure vision. Here is where we find them in keeping with th modern spirit and in harmony with the great tradition of painting. Mr. Hestwood has felt the undercurrent swirling in this great tragic mass of humanity.

—L. M. G.

TRAIN SCHEDULES

Leaving Monterey

6:29 a.m.—For San Francisco. (Connects at Del Monte Junction with pullman car train from the South.)

9:05 a.m.—Del Monte Express for San Francisco.

10:10 a.m.—For Los Angeles. (Change at Del Monte Junction.)

3:15 p.m.—For San Francisco.

6:50 p.m.—For San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Ariiving at Monterey

7:55 a.m.—From San Francisco and Los Angeles.

11:45 a.m.—From San Francisco.

6:25 p.m.—Del Monte Express from San Francisco.

8:18 p.m.—From Los Angeles.

9:45 p.m.—From San Francisco.

CARMEL BUSSES

Leave Carmel. (Stage depot at San Carlos and Ocean Avenue.) 8 a.m., 9:20 a.m., 11 a.m. 2:30 p.m., 5 p.m.

Leave Monterey 8:20 a.m., 12 m., 3:30 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

STATE BUSSES

Leave Monterey

For San Francisco—8 a.m., 10 a.m., 1 p.m., 4:30 p.m. (via Santa Cruz.) For Santa Cruz only—7:15 p.m.

For Salinas—(Connecting with busses to points north and south.) 8 a.m., 9:55 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 4 p.m. (Sundays—9 a.m., 1 p.m., 5 p.m.

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WHAT HARRY HANSEN THINKS OF STERLING

(From The First Reader, New York World.)

ON THE SAME DAY two poets pass out of life by the little door. In England it is Allen Upward, one of the first imagists. As early as 1914, when Amy Lowell, Richard Aldington, William Carlos Williams and others were printing their runes he followed the aims set forth by Ezra Pound in his famous manifesto. But he is not widely known as a poet. He was primarily a lawyer and also tried prose fiction.

But with George Sterling it was different. He was always a poet. He began thirty or more years ago to write poems full of melody and lyrical beauty and he loved the sonorous line rich in pictures and imagery. In 1908 Ambrose Bierce blazoned his name from coast to coast as the writer of the greatest poem of our time. That was "The Wine of Wizardry". Twenty years ago America would still react emotionally to a poem. But "The Wine of Wizardry" never became as well known as "The Man With a Hoe", Edwin Markham's famous monologue.

Does the world stop for a moment when a poet dies? Does a star wink out high over the roooftops of the city? I wonder. Neither of these men posed for a sentimental curtain. They went quietly out of life, disillusioned, without much hope. Their deaths will not affect our age as much as the deaths of Keats and Chatterton affected theirs. The day of Wilhelm Meister is long since gone.

But the day of the poet has not gone. I have just opened "Braithwaite's Anthology for Magazine Verse for 1926" the fourteenth annual issue of this admirable book, and find it filled with poems and names. Not only that, but the "Who's Who" of poets at the end of the book shows what numbers are alive and writing. Among them is the name of George Sterling.

Ostensibly he prepared these lines himself. He calls himself a writer and tells how he traveled in the Hawaiian Islands and the eastern United States. He was much influenced by Tennyson. His favorite poets are Keats, Shelley, Masefield, Kipling and Robinson Jeffers. Nothing could better indicate the taste and predilections of a poet. His own work has a strange dramatic quality which makes him kin to Kipling and Jeffers with an aspiration toward Shelley.

His clubs are all of San Francisco and Oakland. He puts down his politics as "radical". He has published since 1903, won prizes for his poems, is to be found in all the anthologies including Burton Stevenson's ponderous "Home Book of Verse". Have a piano mover take it down from the shelf and consult it.

But Braithwaite's book contains a much more important memorial. For this book Sterling prepared an essay on "Poets of the Pacific Coast—California." In it he tells how indebted this Nation is to the West for poets, many of them now resident in New York City. He mentions how Robert Frost, who is a San Franciscan by birth, has come to be regarded as the typical voice of New England. "And I shall nominate myself for the opposite aspect of the paradox," says Sterling, "for I was born and brought up in early youth at Sag Harbor, New York, and came to California in 1890, but have been here ever since."

Naturally our interest centers on what Sterling thought of his contemporaries. He put himself into the group that write just before the days of the fire, 1906, when San Francisco had that Bohemia that has become legendary. In 1906 says Sterling, "we were then the new voices, as Bierce and Markham and Miller stood as the representatives of the past century and order. And now there are newer voices who in turn will become classics."

Of Ambrose Bierce, who hailed Sterling as a great poet, Sterling says: "His poetry was addressed to the luminous and witty intellect, rather than to the elemental emotions. His 'Invocation to Liberty' is one of the noblest and most thoughtful poems in English literature, even as 'Another Way' one of the tenderest."

The two moderns whom Sterling singles out for special attention are Genevieve Taggard and Robinson Jeffers. Of Jeffers he writes: "His manner is new. He has the inevitable qualifications of a poet of the first rank. The reputation of his 'Tamar' has already been wafted far and wide. If modern poetry were sustained by such work as Jeffers's, it would be classical in the highest sense. Here is a lavish emotional surge that moves in dynamic cycles palpitating with surprising power and beauty. Jeffers has aroused the critically minded in this country with his 'Tamar' which is very modernistic, neo-pagan, and a sheer example of virtuosity. While his language is scrupulously pure and can be written anywhere, he is never fully to be understood apart from the Carmel shore, sea and hills, the eternal Hellenist again. Listen to his love of Carmel beach:

Moon-white dunes and the water like violets.
The days of sun or like a dove's breast
the dark ones; each year one bather
Dies in the violet beauty of the water,
Keeps the bay young. How did you
fast when men were few and not playful?

And Sterling comments: "How must Carmel have fasted when there were no artists playing—sporting even with death —upon its wave-trampled sands!"

George Sterling, too, was of Carmel, and it is Robinson Jeffers who walks alone now, on Carmel Beach.

—HARRY HANSEN

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WOMAN'S CLUB GROWING APACE

THE newly organized Woman's Club in Carmel seems to be meeting with an enthusiastic reception among the women of the city and gives promise of bursting forth at its open meeting next Monday into full-fledged, active and effective organization. A number of departments have developed in the club plans even within the two weeks since its first organizing meeting and volunteers are flocking in from all directions with contributions of ideas and offers to help. Which merely goes to show, in the opinion of those who have brought the club together, that it was a form of activity for which Carmel was ripe and consciously ready.

"The response has been really surprising," said Mrs. Gale, the club's president, today. "We all thought that there was a good chance for a women's club to succeed here, but I don't think any of us had any idea of what a really enthusiastic reception it was going to have. Women whom I had never met before have been stopping me to tell me how glad they are to have a chance for the activities and associations which a club of this sort offers here.

"You know, of course, that the club is primarily a civics club, with the idea behind it of helping to keep Carmel 'different' and delightful without trying to turn back the tide of growth which we all know is inevitable. In view of the fact that women are such a large element in the citizenry, a club like this one which gets them all together for a purpose that they are all interested in really seems to be meeting a need of which the women themselves have been conscious.

"It is open to every one, of course—everyone living in Carmel or its environs—without any further invitation. All they need to be cordially welcome is a desire to join us. The emphasis placed just at first on the civic aspects of the club does not by any means mean that cultural features are going to be slighted. As a matter of fact, our cultural departments are already forming and will offer some very interesting features."

The open meeting which is to be held at Pine Inn at two thirty o'clock on the afternoon of Monday, December sixth, is for the purpose of receiving new members, and considering definitely plans and a program for the future activities of the club. This first meeting is open to all the women in Carmel and its immediate vicinity who feel they might be interested in such an organization and they are urged to attend and bring their friends, which does not necessarily commit them at this meeting to becoming members.

Miss Anne Martin, prominent leader in the women's movement, and just appointed by Jane Adams, regional director of the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom, will give a talk on "The Women's Movement in Relation to International Affairs." Miss Martin has recently returned from Europe where she attended, as an observer, meetings of the League of Nations in Geneva, and, as a delegate, the Woman's Suffrage Alliance Congress in Paris, and the World Congress of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom in Dublin.

New BOOKS at WOODSIDE LIBRARY

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The Book of Marriage..Count Keyserling

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A NOVELIST'S SECRETARIES

There is always an aura of romance about a popular novelist's secretary. Innumerable stories and plays have been written about her. This has been demonstrated forcibly to Cosmo Hamilton, who often has the experience of meeting at a party some pretty debutante who had been impersonating his secretary. Perhaps it is the success of his real secretaries in living up to the heroines they help create. One of them not long ago married a Dutch Baron and became a lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Holland, another made her bow to society last winter at Palm Beach and was one of the belles of the fashionable resort. Now Mr. Hamilton meets everywhere debutantes who profess to have been engaged in helping him with his novels. Several nights ago at a dinner he met two charming young things who both claimed to be his ex-secretaries until they met him and each other. As a matter of fact, a really good secretary to a novelist is a rare creature and Mr. Hamilton thinks it is the merest accident that his have been charming ones as well. His latest book, "Confession", is the story of a happy international marriage and he earnestly hopes that his present assistant will not desert him to wed an English peer.

"THE CONSTANT NYMPH" ON BROADWAY

The Constant Nymph," the dramatization of Margaret Kennedy's famous novel, which has been running to full houses in London, will open on Broadway on December 9, under the direction of Mr. George C. Tyler and Mr. Basil Dean, who collaborated with Miss Kennedy in the dramatization of the book. Glenn Anders will play Dodd, a part which was played by Noel Coward in London, and Beatrice Thomson, a young English actress, will play Teresa. On the same date Doubleday, Page and Company will publish the play in a popular paper-back edition and will also issue a new theatre edition of the original "Constant Nymph".

KONRAD BERCOVICI A MUSICIAN

Like many distinguished authors, Konrad Bercovici, master of gypsy story tellers, is a writer by accident. He is a musician, trained from his earliest childhood, for a concert career, and did not consider writing as a serious vocation until long after he had made a name for himself as an organist. The dominant factor in abandoning music for literature was his dislike of audiences. The thought of the glorious contentment he would feel not to have to face an audience urged him to set down some of the stories of his familiar Romany folk which to westerners have the glamor and color of a strange, unknown race. The past summer he spent in Roumania renewing his contacts with the gypsies of his native land.

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VALOR

(Continued from Page Seven)

half out of his seat, shook his head and sat down.

The deacons whispered among themselves for a moment, then the senior deacon arose and said something to Uncle John very fiercely. As if he were a judge and my uncle a prisoner.

Uncle John slowly arose, got his beaver hat in the crook of one arm, drew Aunt Phronie's hand over the other and, head high, tapped down the aisle to the door with his rosewood cane.

I know now that Uncle John had been read out of meeting for being a Freethinker.

It was after that Wednesday night that the Face of which I have told you developed that fancied craving for gnawing on the hitching racks.

Though Aunt Phronie had not been included in the ban the deacons pronounced, she would not go to worship in a place whence the man she so greatly cherished had been cast out. Indeed, in following months she hardly quit the companionship of her flowers. People stopped coming to our snug house.

I know now how greatly Aunt Phronie suffered. Strong in her faith—I am sure she was that—but with love for Uncle John transcendant. Yet I thought I was the chief sufferer from some mysterious indiscretion of my Uncle John's, for at school the boys pursued me with cries of "Fre-e-thinker—Fre-e-thinker!"

When I told Aunt Phronie of this she hugged me to her very close: "Remember, John Henry, idle tongues never can harm a child of God."

Oh, I think we three were very close to one another over a year of ostracism!

Then one night—or graying dawn, rather—a terrible thing: Aunt Phronie with a taper at my bedside. "Run, John Henry!—Run to the Lewises as fast as ever you can. Tell them your Uncle John—"

In my nightshirt and boots I ran to our nearest neighbor, knowing not what to tell them when I routed them out, only to come—come!

They came wrapped in blankets—Lewis, his wife and their hired girl carrying a kettle. With them I went to Uncle John's room. Aunt Phronie looked so tiny and helpless where she knelt by the bed, praying. One of her little hands still was clasped by the big hand which had sustained her through so many of life's alarms.

They would not give my Uncle John burial in the meeting house graveyard. No they would not! I do not know just how this blow wrought upon Aunt Phronie's deep founded faith, nor how it might have played upon her purely human responses which would be deeper even than faith. Perhaps it was just this final uncharity which fired her spark of surpassing valor.

For the day after we buried my uncle under his favorite butternut tree—where, after all, he would prefer to lie—and when I came home from school Aunt Phronie was nowhere about. The dark came, and still she did not return. I went in terror to the Lewises. They and other neighbors turned out with lanterns. Someone in the village remembered having seen Aunt Phronie enter the meting house that afternoon.

We found her in the belfry. She was hanging from a rafter. A note was pinned on the bosom of her best stiff silk:

"I have gone to join John in Hell."

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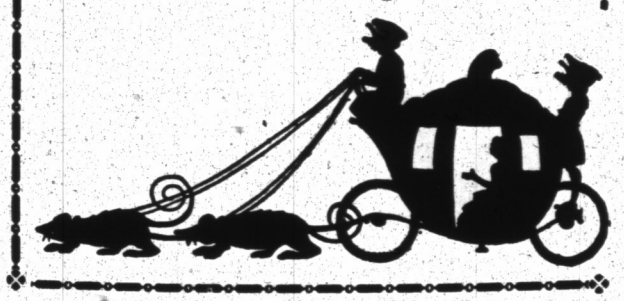

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Notes and Comment

them from subscribers and readers of the paper in various parts of the country from Honolulu to New York City. We have tried to pass on to the man who makes them some of the congratulatory expressions that have been made to us, but we think that perhaps we should do Robert Hestwood the additional honor of getting down in the permanence of type the thanks we have and that which has been voiced in the opinions of others.

We had intended to stop with that paragraph, but there are others who should be recipients of our gratitude for their assistance in making The Cymbal the unique weekly newspaper of the West.

There is a great, quiet, modest man down on Carmel Point who has helped us beyond the power of an adequate expression. Some few months ago when the fate of The Cymbal was—not perhaps in the balance, but a bit uncertain—Robinson Jeffers, recognized throughout the world as one of the greatest poets America has produced, gave us an original sonnet. We were congratulated on the publication of it by George Sterling.

Now, when there is no question about the fate of The Cymbal, when its days have ceased to be numbered and do indeed stretch indefinitely on into the years, Robinson Jeffers embarrasses us by declaring it a privilege to write for our columns his appreciation of George Sterling, which we published last week.

There is another man in this community whose interest has reached the proportions where he is willing to contribute in a tangible way toward its success. He is Robert Welles Ritchie. Bob Ritchie met the test when, in the first issue of The Cymbal, he gave us an original manuscript, written in fact, for this paper, and it is to his interest and his material way of expressing it that we must point in referring to the success which seemed bound to be ours from our initial appearance.

There may have been hours and days and weeks when our firmament took on a dull and lurid hue, but those hours and adys and weeks have gone into the discard where are piles the first travails of almost anything that has grown to be

And to-day The Cymbal looks on the world, still with its tongue in its cheek, but with more lustre in its eyes and more natural color in its cheeks. We have determined to live and have passed the crisis. The physician has remarked that occasionally he will drop in, but he will make no more regular visits, or in answer to frantic calls in the dead of night.

The Cymbal is not alone walking virilely about home, but its lusty clangs of vitality are penetrating into the fastnesses of other climes. To-day, in many parts of the United States, Carmel is known as the home of The Cymbal, and the knowledge is growing and waxing, and who are we that we shouldn't say that it does Carmel credit?

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MASONS' SHOW IS BIG EVENT OF THE WEEK

"FIRST ANNUAL FROLIC" it is called on the cover of the program you will have handed to you as you enter the doors of the Theatre of the Golden Bough tomorrow, Friday or Saturday nights, and if they are permitted ever to give a "Second Annual Frolic" it will be surprising.

They surely can't mean—these Masons—to stage all they have on the program, or else they have somehow fixed it that the marshal will be out of town on those three certain nights.

The things that Charley Berkey is slated to do; the roles chosen for Thomas Vincent Cator, Charley Van Riper, Bill Durham, Bill Titmas and a score of others to say nothing—and one can't be expected to say nothing—of Ruth Kuster, Ruth Austin, Frances Glassell, Ruth Waring and a dozen others of that sex, will compose by and large one of the greatest riots ever staged here.

But, honestly, the minstrel and vaudeville show of the Masonic Club of Carmel has already, even before the first curtain reached proportions that are astounding. Frank Sheridan is running around in circles and although Bill Kibbler manifests no excitement he is said by those who are in his inner circle to be nearly prostrated.

The big show, claimed to be only a forerunner of an annual affair, includes a program divided about equally between a "Grand Minstrel—First Part" and, according to the program "The Second Degree, Which is One of Jocund Jollities, Tantalizing Terpsichoreanisms and Voluminous Vocalizations, Gathered from Four Corners of the World by that Intrepid Explorer, Charles A. B. B. L. Van Riper".

This sounds good but ominous, and the following roster of talent is named in the prgram as the human cogs in the machinery of the whole:

Perry Newberry, Stuart Work, Bill Titmas, Charley Berkey, Bob Smith, Eva Bickle, Bill Overstreet, Ruth Kuster, Ruth Waring, Wilbert Normand, William L. Hoffman, Thomas French, Bernard Watson, Helen Judson, Marian Todd, Frances Glassell, William R. Kerwin, Bill Durham, Robert Harkins, L. E. M. Cosmey, Frank Murphy, and others too numerous to mention.

As Bill Titmas said last week, the Masons' Minstrel Show will be a "wow".

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